

SONNET XXIV.



THESE, mine hearing Eyes do
never gaze Upon thy sun's harmonious
marble wheels, But from these eyes,,
through force of thy sun's
blaze.

Rain tears continual, whiles my faith's true
steels, Tempered on anvil of thine heart's
cold Flint, Strike marrow-melting fire into
mine eyes ; The Tinder, whence my Passions
do not stint As Matches to those sparkles
which arise. Which, when the Taper of mine
heart is lighted, Like salamanders, nourish in
the flame : And all the Loves, with my new
Torch delighted. Awhile, like gnats, did
flourish in the same; But burnt their wings,
nor any way could frame To fly from thence,
since JOVE'S proud bird (that bears His
thunder) viewed my sun; but shed down
tears,

SONNET XXV.



WHEN count it not disgrace ! if any view
me, Sometime to shower down rivers of salt
tears, From tempest of my sigh's despairful
fears. Then scorn me not, alas, sweet friends!
but rue me / Ah, pity! pity me ! For if you
knew me ! How, with her looks, mine heart
amends and wears; Now calm, now ragious,
as my Passion bears: You would lament with
me ! and She which slew me? She which (Ay
me!) She which did deadly wound me, And
with her beauty's balm, though dead, keeps
lively My lifeless body; and, by charms, hath
bound me, For thankless meed, to serve her :
if she vively Could see my sorrow's maze,
which none can tread ; She would be soft and
light, though flint and lead !